

1½d.

Daily Mirror

It will soon
be too late
to order
MINIATURES
(See page 6.)

No. 342.

Registered at the G. P. O.
as a Newspaper.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1904.

One Halfpenny.

EARL AND SHOPKEEPER; LORD ESSEX BEATS MR. WHEELER AT MARYLEBONE.



The Earl of Essex (the second on the right-hand side), the County Council Moderate candidate for East Marylebone, seen giving his final instructions to his district agent.



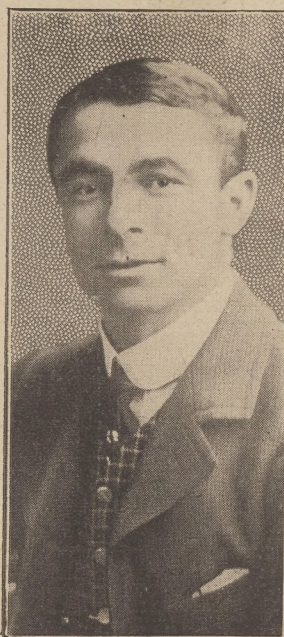
Mr. T. Wheeler, the Progressive candidate, outside his shop. Mr. Wheeler only polled 514 votes, while the Earl of Essex polled 1,822, thus beating his opponent by the handsome majority of 1,308 votes.

CLEANING LONDON'S BUILDINGS BY A NEW PROCESS.



The Royal Exchange is now being cleaned by the new American sand-blasting process. Our photograph shows a man at work cleaning Lloyd's. The operators are obliged to wear a veil to keep the sand, which is blown through a rubber pipe, from their eyes.

ENGLAND'S PREMIER JOCKEY MARRIES.



Otto Madden, who headed the list of winning jockeys this season, is to be married to Miss Battle at Bury St. Edmunds to-day. Madden's sister was married to J. E. Boardman, the jockey, on Monday.

BIRTHS.

CLARK—On December 4, at the Nook, Belmont-hill, Blackheath, the wife of Lawrence Clark, of a daughter.
FRESHWATER—On December 4, at Gordon Lodge, Church-crescent, Mowbell-hill, N., the wife of Herbert W. Freshwater, of a son.
HATFIELD—On December 6, at Marsh Villa, Silver-street, Edmonton, the wife of David Hatfield, jun., of a daughter.
OLIVER-BELL—On December 4, at Shilton House, Coventry, the wife of Captain Oliver-Bell, of a son.

MARRIAGES.

JOHNSON-SQUIRE—On the 3rd inst., at St. Paul's, Avenue-road, Hampstead, by the Rev. Herbert Bury, vicar, James Henry Squire, of 12, Whitehall-court, son of the late J. H. Johnson, of Hall Garth, Over Killet, Carnfurth, to Phyllis Johnson, daughter of Peter West Squire, of 40, Avenue-road, Hampstead, and The Ryepack Sheperdon.
WIG-PLANCHET—On December 3, at St. Paul's Church, Carlisle, by the Rev. W. E. Strickland, vicar, John Richardson, second son of Richard Ling, J.P., Wandsworth, to Isabel, second daughter of William Pratchitt, Carlisle.

DEATHS.

BESLY—On December 4, at Eaton Vicarage, Yorkshire, the Rev. E. P. Seymour Besly, M.A., Rector of Stokesley, and Rural Dean (formerly Vicar of Eaton for 17 years), aged 85.
DORFIELD—On December 4, at Ormiston Fields, Derbyshire, Frederick Channer Dorfield, eldest son of the late Rev. Frederick Dorfield, late Rector of Shirley, Derbyshire, aged 55.
OSBORN—On the 4th inst., at his residence, Burnage Hall, Levensham, Manchester, William Henry Crabtree, aged 58 years.
PETRIE—On December 4, at Brighton, James Mackenzie Petrie, of Calcutta, eldest son of the late James Petrie, of Lincoln, Chesham. The interment will take place to-morrow at 1 o'clock, in the Extra Mural Cemetery, Levensham, Brighton.

PERSONAL.

BENTON—Still at 124, W. Grove.
MURRAY—I am pleased. Do not despise, but help me—S. F.
BLANCHIE—Never mind about motoring, we can go any way you please. But do not fail.
VICTORIA—It was my fault your letter did not arrive sooner, but I did not understand there was any need for haste. Forgive—B.
TRAVELLERS, persons who visit country towns and villages, agents and others, who charge at their ordinary rates without in any way interfering with their ordinary work should write to advertiser. Special rates for competent men. Only limited number of openings, so write at once to 1670, "Daily Mirror," 2, Carmelite-st., E.C.

THEATRES and MUSIC-HALLS.

DALY'S THEATRE—Manager, Mr. GEORGE EDWARDS—EVERY EVENING, at 8.15, the new Musical Play entitled, **"THE GINGALEE MATINEE"** EVERY SATURDAY, at 2.30.

HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE—MR. TREE. TO-DAY, at 2.15, and TO-NIGHT, at 8.30. Shakespeare's Comedy, **"THE TEMPEST."**

MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, 2.15.

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MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, 2.15. Box Office 10 to 10. Telephone 3193 Gerard.

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LADY WINDERMERE'S FAN, by Oscar Wilde. At 8.15, and 8.15, THE DEBATE NISI, by Joshua Bates. **MATINEE** (both plays) WEDS. and SATS., at 8.15.

MR. ROBERT ARTHUR'S LONDON THEATRES.

KENNINGTON THEATRE, Tel. 1006 Hop—NIGHTLY, at 7.45.

Also **TWO MATINEES** THURSDAY, Dec. 8; SATURDAY, Dec. 10, at 2.30.

Mr. George Edwards's Original Company in **"THE DUCHESSE OF DANZIG,"** including Miss EVIE GREENE, Miss DUNE BUREK, Mr. HOLBROOK BLANN, Mr. COVETT FOUNDS, and the

Entire original scenery and costumes from the Lyric Theatre.

The Company's last appearance before going to America.

CORONET THEATRE, Tel. 1273 Ken.—NIGHTLY, at 8 MAT. SAT. 2.30. Chas. Frohman presents Mr. H. B. IRVING and Miss IRENE VANBRUGH in **"LEUVY."**

CAMDEN THEATRE, Tel. 328 K.C.—NIGHTLY, at 8 MAT. SAT. 2.30. Mr. and Mrs. KENDAL in **"THE HOUSEKEEPER."** STILL WATERS.

THE ELDER MISS BLOSSOM, and A SORAP OF PAPER.

CROWN THEATRE, Peckham, Tel. 412 Hop—NIGHTLY, at 7.45 MAT. SAT. 2.15. JULIA NELSON and FRED TERRY and full London Co., in their latest success, **SUNDAY.**

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CRYSTAL PALACE—TO-DAY. NATIONAL CHRYSANTHEMUM SHOW.

THE TAKING OF THE SURVEY, 4.0 and 8.0; 8.0; 8.0. PROM. CONCERT (Miss Madeline O'Kelly and Mr. Hugh Peyton). Rolling Skating and numerous other attractions.

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RE-NOTICE VISITORS TO CATTLE SHOW. BRIGHTON and BACK 3s. TO-DAY (Wednesday), from Victoria 12.25 p.m.; THURSDAY, Dec. 8th, from London Bridge 12.45.

These trains allow about 5 hours at Brighton, the Queen of Watneying Place, and arrive back in London about 10 p.m. Tickets at Stations or at

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Please forward "Overseas Daily Mail" To

I enclose 5/- herewith, Signed

BATTLESHIPS

BATTERED.

Sixty-eight Shells Strike
Port Arthur Fleet.

MAGAZINE EXPLODED.

Merciless Jap Bombardment from
203 Metre Hill.

A Tokio telegram, received at the Japanese Legation yesterday, announces that naval guns had been mounted on 203 Metre Hill, and were in use as long ago as last Saturday.

Our own Tokio correspondent forwards the substance of an official dispatch from the Port Arthur besieging army, which gives in detail the story of the terrible bombardment. He says:—

On December 3 the Russian ships were bombarded by our naval guns. The Pobieda was struck six times, and a battleship of the Retvisan type eight times, while in the case of the other ships sixteen shells proved effective.

The bombardment was continued on December 5, the Pobieda being hit seven times, the Poltava eleven, and the Retvisan eleven.

About three p.m. a shell struck the magazine in the south of Poyushan and caused a heavy explosion, the conflagration not being extinguished for two hours.

BATTLESHIP IN FLAMES.

On the same day the heavy guns were directed against the Russian ships. The Presviet was struck twice, and two more shells lodged in other ships. A battleship of the Poltava type was observed to be in flames, and the fire lasted for an hour, raising a great volume of smoke.

On December 6 heavy guns shelled the enemy's ships from 10.40 a.m. until noon. Four shells took effect on the Retvisan and one on the Presviet. The bombardment still continues.

GLOOM IN ST. PETERSBURG.

Recall of the Baltic Fleet May Follow
Port Arthur's Fall.

The plight of Port Arthur has caused the deepest gloom in St. Petersburg, where the fall of the fortress is daily expected.

The popular belief in Russia is that the fall of Port Arthur will be immediately followed by the recall of the Baltic Fleet.

Two cruisers of the supplementary squadron—the Otch and Izumrud—yesterday left Tangier, steaming eastward.

The main body of the fleet is still at Jibuti.

TABLES TURNED.

Russians Lose 3,000 Men in Trying to
Recapture 203 Metre Hill.

TOKIO, Tuesday.—The Russians are nightly attacking 203 Metre Hill, and are determinedly endeavouring to recapture the summit of that ground of contention. The Japanese are increasing their defences and have succeeded in repulsing all assaults.

With the positions reversed the Russians are now suffering the heavier losses, and it is estimated that they have sacrificed 3,000 men in their effort to recapture the hill. The Japanese are confident of their ability to hold it.

Everything points to an early general assault, although the date is kept secret. It is expected that the next general assault will prove successful.—*Reuter*.

CASE OF THE CAROLINE.

Mr. Roche and Mr. Sinnett To Answer
a Summons on Monday Next.

The acquisition by Russia of the Yarrow-built torpedo-boat Caroline has led to the issue of summonses against the Hon. James Burke Roche and Mr. Sinnett, who are said to have been concerned in her removal from the Thames.

The application was made in private before the Bow-street magistrate on behalf of the Public Prosecutor, and the *Daily Mirror* is officially informed that the hearing will, should no unforeseen circumstances arise, take place on Monday next.

It is understood that the proceedings are being taken under the Foreign Enlistment Act, which forbids the building or selling of warships to belligerents, or the acceptance of any commission on behalf of a belligerent.

Both Mr. Sinnett and Mr. Roche are at present in Paris. The Hon. Charles Russell, who has been entrusted with their defence, has retained Mr. C. F. Gill and Mr. Bernard Molloy.

Gusty westerly winds; changeable; rather cold: rain, bright intervals.) To-day's Weather (Lighting-up time, 4.30 p.m. Sea passages (will be rather rough generally.)

"HORRID WEATHER."

Heaviest Rainfall of the Year in
London.

STORM IN THE CHANNEL.

"Horrid weather," said the Prince of Wales yesterday as he stepped from the royal saloon at Yeovil Junction and was greeted by Lord Ilchester, whose guest he is to be for the next few days at Melbury House, Dorset.

The Prince's remark was echoed by thousands, for wind and rain swept over the south of England for hours yesterday.

Fog made the London streets, sodden and water-swept by the pouring rain, doubly dismal.

The District Railway line at West Kensington was flooded, and for a time traffic was delayed.

Yesterday's rainfall in London was the heaviest of the year, 1.66 inches being registered during the twenty-four hours ending at 6 p.m.

A gale approaching the force of a hurricane was experienced in the Channel and the Irish Sea, and many steamers and sailing ships were driven into Holyhead for shelter.

Telegraphic communication across the Channel was completely disorganised. Last night it was impossible to get through to Paris on the telephone.

The Ostend boat Josephine made a terrific passage to Dover. The seas broke over her frequently, and several times the steamer literally ploughed through the waves, which came in volumes over the flying bridge.

Only four passengers would brave the return voyage when she started back at four o'clock in the afternoon.

Even at low water the waves were sweeping right over the Admiralty extension works. In spite of the heavy seas the mail packet *Queen* made an extraordinarily quick passage from Calais. She crossed in sixty-five minutes.

SHIPPING DISASTER IN THE MERSEY.

Shortly before ten o'clock last night a collision took place on the Mersey between the coasting steamer *White Rose* and the tug *Polgarth*.

The weather was clear at the time, but there was a strong flood tide, and it is supposed the tug was endeavouring to avoid other shipping when she collided with the coaster.

The latter was so badly damaged that she sank in a few minutes. Four of the crew were rescued from the water by a Customs launch, and were removed to hospital. Two were reported missing, and it is feared they have been drowned.

The two missing men are said to be captain and mate of the *Wild Rose*, father and son, named Crane.

MADAME PATTI'S COOK.

Agent and Constable Pay Damages
for Slander and Assault.

Mrs. Cecilia Smith, formerly cook at Mme. Patti's, has won the action she brought for slander and assault against Mr. Alcock, the Baroness's agent, and the Craig-y-nos constable.

At Swansea Assizes yesterday the jury awarded her £25 damages against Alcock for slander and £5 for assault, whilst Lewis, the constable, was ordered to pay 10s. with costs.

In cross-examination yesterday Alcock admitted that when he told Smith she was to be discharged he had no instructions to that effect from the Baroness. It never struck him that his case was "fishy," and he denied that it was "fishy."

He took the plaintiff's bedroom door off the hinges because he did not wish to keep the constable inside, and not be able to see inside himself.

Referring to the bedroom episode, Police Constable Lewis, the other defendant, said that Alcock locked him inside with the plaintiff, whereupon Mrs. Smith said: "Oh, are you up to those tricks?"

Mr. Justice Bray said the plaintiff had unquestionably an excellent character, and the jury quickly returned the verdict in her favour.

HERR VON SONNENBERG—POET.

"We cannot love England, but we can keep peace with her," said Herr Liebermann von Sonnenberg, a German Socialist, in the Reichstag yesterday. Then, amid roars of laughter, he quoted a quatrain, which may be freely translated as follows:—

"The Boer lies dead on the field;
The Englishman rules the world;
The coolie streams in crowds;
The Jew pockets the profits."

PLAQUE IN THE THAMES.

A seaman of the steamer *Weybridge*, which arrived in the Port of London from the River Plate a few days ago, has been found to be suffering from plague.

The case was suspected at once, and the vessel detained pending inquiry, which confirmed the suspicion.

MR. ROOSEVELT
ON WOMAN'S DUTY.

Remarkable Message to United
States Congress.

HER SPHERE THE HOME.

The President of the United States yesterday delivered his annual message on the occasion of the opening of Congress.

Among the most notable passages in the President's message, as cabled by *Reuter*, are the following:—

"It is very desirable that married women should not work in factories. The prime duty of the man is to work, to be the bread-winner; the prime duty of the woman is to be the mother, the housewife.

"All questions of tariff and finance sink into utter insignificance when compared with the tremendous, the vital, importance of trying to shape conditions so that these two duties of the man and of the woman be fulfilled under reasonably favourable circumstances.

"If a race does not have plenty of children, or if the children do not grow up, or if when they grow up they are unhealthy in body and stunted or vicious in mind, then that race is decadent, and no heaping up of wealth, no splendour of momentary material prosperity can avail in any degree as offsets."

With regard to immigration the President says: "There is no danger of having too many immigrants of the right kind, but the citizenship of this country should not be debased, and we should not admit masses of men whose standard of living and peculiar customs and habits are such that they tend to lower the level of the American wage-worker, and, above all, we should not admit any man of an unworthy type."

CARRYING CONTRABAND COAL.

Reported Japanese Protest to the
Foreign Office.

Inquiries of the keenest nature are being made by the authorities at Cardiff and South Wales ports regarding the real destination of the coal loaded on German and other steamers.

The British Government has received a communication from the Japanese authorities, says the Press Association, with reference to the alleged loading of steam coal in a German collier or colliers at Cardiff for the Russian fleet. The British Government has forbidden such loading, and is doing its utmost to preserve an attitude of strict neutrality.

The German steamer Captain W. Menzell is expected to leave in ballast for Hamburg in a couple of days.

The steamer *Bengalia*, which is suspected of coaling the Russian warships, has cleared the Customs at Barry, and will probably sail early this morning.

At the same time the Customs authorities have taken the precaution of reporting the case of the *Bengalia* to the Foreign Office. She left Cardiff in August with 10,000 tons of coal for Zanzibar, on Russian account, but was never reported at that station.

AMERICAN MADAME HUMBERT.

Mr. Carnegie Repudiates the £250,000
Notes Bearing His Name.

The case of Mrs. Leroy Chadwick, of Cleveland, Ohio, the American Madame Humbert, who has been raising loans of nearly £1,000,000 on the strength of imaginary securities, is becoming more remarkable day by day.

She "operated" on a receipt from a safe deposit company for an envelope purporting to contain £2,000,000 in securities.

Notes, too, have been negotiated for large amounts by her which bore Mr. Andrew Carnegie's name.

Now Mr. Carnegie has issued a statement, says *Reuter*, declaring that no notes of his have been negotiated for many years, no such notes are outstanding, and he does not know Mrs. Chadwick.

Mr. Beckwith, president of the Citizens' National Bank of Oberlin, which recently closed its doors, has confessed to transactions with Mrs. Chadwick on notes bearing Mr. Carnegie's name, and aggregating £250,000.

DUCHESS OF AOSTA WORSE.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

ROME, Tuesday.—The condition of the Duchess of Aosta, who was brought to the Queen of Portugal, sister of the patient, arrived at three o'clock this afternoon.

The private confessor of the Duchess is expected this evening, having been specially summoned from Naples.

'HONOUR SATISFIED.'

Humorous Features of the
Great French Duel.

NEITHER WARRIOR HURT.

The town of Hendaye, on the French side of the Franco-Spanish frontier, saw yesterday an epoch-making event in the annals of France.

M. Paul Déroulède—perhaps the hottest fire-eater that France has ever produced—met M. Jean Jaurès, France's most distinguished Socialist—France's John Burns—in mortal combat, in a duel to the death.

After a furious set-to the news was flashed to all parts of France, "Two shots fired. Nobody hurt. Honour satisfied."

It was by the courtesy of the Government that four years ago banished him from France for conspiracy against the Republic that M. Déroulède was permitted to cross the frontier to fight. For the past four years he has been in exile, breathing fire from St. Sebastian.

When M. Jaurès lately made a remark about M. Déroulède's fondness for telegrams at a Joan of Arc festival, M. Déroulède promptly called him, by telegram, "A corrupter of consciences."

These insults could only be wiped out by blood!

HORRIBLE PREPARATIONS.

The preparations for the duel, carried out at St. Sebastian, whither M. Jaurès hurried with his second, were horrible. From the Hotel de Londres, where the supporters and doctors on M. Jaurès's side met to arrange preliminaries, came the creepy sound of surgical instruments being got ready.

When M. Jaurès arrived with M. Gastime Bennette, his second, and Dr. Lande, his surgeon, there also marched with the party an armorer carrying a big box of enormous pistols.

To M. Déroulède's side there had hurried all the way from Brussels M. Marcel Habert, the patriot, who, five years ago, at M. Faure's funeral nearly marched with M. Déroulède to pull down the *Glycée*. Dr. Devillier was also at M. Déroulède's villa, the Villa Alice, and the getting ready of instruments—so the French correspondents wired—at the villa was as unpleasant as that at the Hotel de Londres.

Between villa and hotel long documents, that had taken the seconds hours to draw up, passed to and fro. Every man in each party made his will.

The seconds met on neutral ground for long consultations. The pistols to be used were examined and officially sealed.

FIERCE M. DEROULEDE.

While the conferences were being held, while the pistols were being officially sealed, M. Déroulède stalked about St. Sebastian, a terrifying object with the light of battle in his eyes, holding violent altercations with the Spanish police.

The French word for satisfaction, "*Begone!*" said M. Déroulède, in the accents in which he used to exclaim, "to the Elysée!"

The only thing wanting to complete his happiness was the presence by his side of M. Buffet, with whom he almost fought the great duel at Lausanne.

The preparations to keep the place of meeting secret could not have been more elaborate. All that was divulged was that M. Déroulède had been offered by the Spanish authorities a safe conduct to the Spanish frontier.

To keep in order the populace, whose blood had been stirred by the sight of the armorer and the surgical instruments, he had every a bull-fight had stirred it, two hundred extra policemen had been mobilised.

THE CLIMAX.

Finally the dread moment of meeting came. The two stood up face to face at a distance of fifteen paces at Hendaye just after daybreak.

M. Déroulède, with his aquiline features set grimly and his wind-tost beard, might have posed for a picture of Mars. M. Jaurès, with his bourgeois beard cut square, though calmness personified, looked equally grim.

Bang! bang! two shots sent the air.

Vive Jaurès! Vive Déroulède! Both were alive! Both were unharmed! The countryside was filled with sighs of joy over honour satisfied.

Then the two surgeons closed with two snaps the two cases that carried the instruments.

Mr. Charles French, an eccentric character of Boston, who had been living on sponges a day for many years, died lately, bequeathing about 200,000 dollars to various charities.

TO ADVERTISERS.

Owing to the great demand for advertisement space in the "*Daily Mirror*," we regret we are compelled to hold over several columns of advertisements from to-day's issue. This will appear as soon as possible.

KIDNAPPED GIRL.

Seized While Walking to a London Church.

MYSTERIOUS STRANGER.

If a story just told to Mr. Paul Taylor, the North London magistrate, in open court had appeared in a work of fiction everybody would have said, "It is impossible."

"Such a thing as a girl kidnapped from the midst of her schoolfellows and teachers in broad daylight hard by one of the most frequented thoroughfares in London is incredible."

But the thing has happened—to a schoolgirl belonging to the King Edward Certified Industrial School, Hackney.

Ellen T— was recently sent to the school because she had no responsible persons to look after her.

With her schoolfellows she went every Sunday morning to service at a neighbouring church, St. Michael's, London Fields. The girls walked in couples side by side, accompanied by their teachers.

Stranger's Mysterious Signals.

For several Sundays a man was seen by one of the girls making mysterious signs to Ellen as she passed the church, Prayer-book in hand. But the teachers did not see these signs, and the girls have only mentioned them since Ellen has disappeared.

The man was seen in a little street through which the girls go on their way to St. Michael's from Mare-street.

When the girls filed into this street on the Sunday before last they saw on the other side of the road a horse and trap containing two men.

Then a man dashed forward to the end of the column, where Ellen and a schoolfellow were the last two girls.

Before those in front could turn round to see what was happening the man had carried Ellen to the trap and put her inside.

Carried Off in the Trap.

Then the driver whipped up his horse, and the trap disappeared round the corner, going towards Clapton.

The other little girl started in pursuit. She came upon a man who she thought was the kidnapper who had seized Ellen. She accused the man, and he ran away.

As the direction of the magistrate official search is now being made for Ellen.

LONDON AND PARIS EXCHANGE.

Mr. Mandeville Says Business Will Be Resumed This Morning.

At ten o'clock this morning the doors of the London and Paris Exchange will be reopened for business.

Mr. A. Mandeville Mandeville set forth the position of the business for the *Daily Mirror* yesterday.

All investments and securities are in perfect order, but it must of necessity take a few weeks to arrange details with every client.

"I sincerely hope all clients will write me personally on these matters, as it will enable them to be more speedily dealt with and save a great waste of money."

Mr. Mandeville anticipates the future with great confidence.

Debentures for £500,000 in bonds of £10 each will be issued," he said. "They will bear interest at five per cent. per annum, but there will be no issue to the general public. A very large amount has been already taken up."

"The trustees for debenture holders will be a well-known banker and a well-known chartered accountant."

Mr. Mandeville will still superintend the business of the firm.

COMPETITION FOR ROYAL BEEF.

At Slough Christmas Cattle Show and Sale yesterday buyers from all parts of the country were attracted mainly for the purpose of securing some of the cattle sent from the royal farms at Windsor by his Majesty the King.

The royal bullocks fetched from £26 to £48, the total realised being £930. They fell to purchasers from every part of the country. The King's bacon pigs fetched from £10 down to £7 15s.

"NO CATHOLIC NEED APPLY."

"Because a boy is a Roman Catholic he has been rejected by the military authorities for enlistment in the Bedfordshire Regiment."

This intimation was conveyed to the Strand Guardians last night in a letter from Captain Stephens, recruiting officer, who said the battalion required a boy who would be of service for the Church of England choir.

Mrs. Evans said: "This is very unfair. I never heard such nonsense as to raise this question of religion. It is disgraceful."

It was decided to communicate with the War Office.

WOLF HUNT IN ENGLAND.

Two Hundred Men on the Track of a Fierce Sheep Destroyer.

Great alarm and excitement has been caused in Allendale, a district about twenty miles west of Newcastle, by the depredations of a wolf, which has escaped from a menagerie.

Several sheep have been destroyed by this beast, and for some time past the farmers have had to house their sheep at night.

The wolf has been on several occasions seen and chased, but its pursuers not being sufficiently armed to cope with such a formidable beast it has always escaped.

This caused a regular hunt to be organised. Over 200 sportsmen and farmers, among them forty guns, assembled from miles around to take part in it.

A wood at Allendale was thoroughly beaten, and in the excitement of the chase two animals that started out from it were shot, but it was afterwards found that they were foxes.

The wolf is said to have escaped two months ago at Shotley Bridge, twelve miles from Newcastle, but despite vigorous hunting all trace of it was lost, and for weeks past its depredations have passed unnoticed or been attributed to foxes.

It is thought that the recent cold weather has driven it to carry off and mangle the sheep.

SALE OF MR. SIEVIER'S JEWELS.

Case with Gold Mounts Weighing Over 100 Ounces.

The magnificent collection of jewels to be sold at Messrs. Knight, Frank, and Rutley's Rooms tomorrow is, we are in a position to state, the property of Mr. Robert Sievier, the well-known sportsman.

Several of the lots are valued at £500 or £600. Among them are a magnificent trefoil brooch, composed of three large sapphires and some superb white brilliants, and a necklace formed of five circular chains of pearls and brilliants and enriched with thirty-nine pear-shaped pendant pearls.

There is a lady's dressing-case, the chased mounts of which are formed of over 100oz. of 18-carat gold, and a gold belt formed of fourteen 100-gram gold pieces weighing 18oz. 5dw.

LADY VIOLET POULETT'S WEDDING.

Charming Bride Married in the Midst of a Downpour of Rain.

The old adage, "Happy the bride whom the sun shines on," was surely at fault yesterday, for, in spite of rain and fog, Lady Violet Poulett, who was married at St. Peter's, Eaton-square, to Mr. John Rhys Wingfield, of the *Daily Mirror*, of the prettiest and happiest-looking brides of the year.

She is a sister of the Lord Poulett whose titles and estates were claimed some time ago by the organ-grinder who styled himself "Viscount Hinton," but whose claim was dismissed by the House of Lords.

Dressed in a wonderful gown of cloth of silver and Honiton lace, the bride, who was given away by her brother, was met at the church by her eight bridesmaids, among whom were Lady Eleanor Poulett and Lady Mary Pepps.

The presents were remarkable for their number, beauty, and value, and included an unusually large quantity of fine old silver plate.

AGAINST A DEATH SENTENCE.

The sentence of death passed upon Allan Muir at Liverpool Assizes on Monday has powerfully affected the public imagination in the north.

Muir and a woman named Mackenzie loved each other, though both were married. Finding life intolerable they agreed to take poison, but Muir survived, and of course the law recognises him as responsible for the woman's death.

Still, the public view is one of sympathy with the man, and in Liverpool the general impression is that a short term of imprisonment would have been sufficient punishment.

BRINGING CANADA NEARER.

It is proposed to make Fort William, in the Highlands, a Canadian mail port. In this way eighteen hours will be saved on the journey between London and Halifax and Quebec, and 300 miles of the sea voyage.

Loch Linne, which is eight miles long and a mile wide, would afford excellent anchorage, and Fort William could be developed into a second Southampton.

BARON HOBHOUSE DEAD.

Baron Hobhouse, member of the Privy Council, K.C.S.I., C.I.E., died yesterday morning at his house, 15, Bruton-street. He was in his eighty-sixth year.

Miss Emily Hobhouse, who was deported from South Africa by Lord Kitchener, is his niece.

OPERA WITHOUT SONG.

Mrs. Brown-Potter's Latest Experiment at the Savoy.

A bright, pretty scene; a well-drilled crowd (Italian villagers); royalty in a box (the Duke and Duchess of Connaught); music that sweeps the heart-strings; Mrs. Brown-Potter, looking lovelier than ever and posturing with even more like grace than usual—these elements went a long way towards making "Pagliacci" a success. And yet—and yet!

The reception was friendly—even enthusiastically friendly. Mr. Charles Warner's firm melodramatic grip on the story of the betrayed clown would have won applause from a much less kindly audience. Mr. Gilbert Hare, the only one who caught the real spirit of the little play to which Leoncavallo wedded his magnificent music, checked by sheer intensity a slight disposition towards laughter. Mrs. Potter herself had impressive moments, though she was better on the whole in "Cavalleria Rusticana," which came first.

And yet somehow no one could feel, as all would have liked to feel, that her pluck and enterprise had altogether broken her run of bad luck. The second act got a much closer hold on the house than the first. The long scene which culminates in the murder of Nedda, because she will not tell her lover's name, was followed with less attention. The piece may go better as a whole when the first act is taken more rapidly. Yet even then—well, well!

What a pity Mrs. Brown-Potter did not remain always an amateur! Then we could praise last night's performance with whole heart. To play opera without singing is just the kind of experiment which clever amateurs would attempt—and very nearly carry off successfully.

That is what the company at the Savoy do—they very rarely succeed.

WHAT IS A SERIO-COMIC?

"A Lady Who Jumps About a Bit and Kicks—Perhaps."

A serio-comic, said a witness to the Judge of the Coventry County Court yesterday, was a lady who came on the stage, sang serio-comic songs; jumped about a bit, and perhaps kicked her legs.

The Judge: Kick! Doesn't she wear long dresses?—No.

The action was brought by Miss Dorothy Wyatt against the Hippodrome Company for £24 for breach of contract.

The jury gave a verdict for £8, finding that the lady was a competent artiste.

MISSING FAMILY.

Father Supposed To Have Sailed for Australia with His Children.

No tidings have yet been received of the four members of a Wandsworth family who mysteriously disappeared from their home a week ago.

Mr. Thompson, the missing father, was a cycle manufacturer, carrying on business at 118, High-street, Wandsworth. He is believed now to have sailed for Australia, and to have taken his three children with him.

Some light was thrown on the affair yesterday by Mr. Charld, the assistant at the shop.

About a month ago Mr. Thompson commenced removing the tools and other effects from the shop, and about the same time he told the manager at the next shop that he had some idea of going to Melbourne.

STOCK EXCHANGE SCANDAL.

The scandal which has for days past agitated members of the Stock Exchange ended yesterday afternoon in the resignation of the offending member.

The scandal, it will be remembered, was caused by one of the members missing his new overcoat and afterwards finding that another member, who had only recently been elected, was in possession of it.

STRANGLER BY RED TAPE.

"Under the present state of affairs," writes a firm of London motor manufacturers, "it is impossible to conduct a motor business without committing some technical offence."

The firm in question says that without any warning they were served with nine summonses for testing cars with their registered trade number on them, for putting the initials instead of the full name of the driver in their record book, and for entering the name of the street in which their sale rooms stood without giving the number.

CIGARETTES SPOIL SOLDIERS.

Excessive cigarette-smoking led to the rejection of a number of young soldiers at a medical inspection at the Western Heights Barracks, Dover, yesterday.

The lads had developed heart and other troubles consequent upon their excessive smoking of cigarettes. A warning has been given to other troops in the garrison against the cigarette habit.

"CONVICT 413L,"

By Mr. Adolf Beck.

A soul-stirring story of Prison Life that must of necessity revolutionise the present "System."

Mr. Beck has, with his own experience and the literary assistance of the authors of "Convict 99," woven together an unbreakable web of facts. Begins on Sunday next in the

"WEEKLY DISPATCH."

Price 1d. Order a Copy To-day.

TWELVE HOURS OF PRAYER.

Welsh Revival Meetings Last the Clock Round.

All previous records in connection with the Welsh revival have been beaten at Caerphilly, where two meetings have each lasted the clock round. One began at two o'clock in the afternoon and lasted until two the next morning; the other began at seven in the evening and lasted right through the night.

Scenes of fervour such as have marked the meetings in other villages have again and again been witnessed here. As an instance of the marvellous hold which Mr. Evan Roberts has over the people may be mentioned the action of a beautiful Welsh girl.

She pushed her way through the packed aisles of the Calvinist Methodist Church, and touched the sleeve of Mr. Roberts's coat, and then withdrew with an enraptured face.

"I have touched the hem of his garment," she said.

At these meetings miners, with their wives and families, who had travelled many miles to see the young evangelist, waited for eight hours before he put in an appearance, and they passed the time singing hymns, engaging in prayer, while occasionally several present gave their "experiences."

The buildings were packed to suffocation, and all the approaches were blocked with people. At one meeting dozens of women fainted inside the building, some of them with babies in their arms, and the struggle to get them outside was terrible.

WELSH DANCERS CONVERTED.

While Mr. Kent-White and his American colleagues are endeavouring to convert the people of Camberwell to dancing the Welsh revivalists are converting dancers.

Elaborate preparations were made for a ball at Pontycymmer, but owing to the revival only four ladies attended.

The secretary and several dancers were converted on the way to the ball room, and suddenly determined to attend a prayer meeting instead. The ball proved a fiasco.

NO COLLECTION.

Mr. Kent-White Looks to "Providence" to Support the Dancers.

The "Pentecostal Dancers" have not yet passed round the plate at any of their meetings.

It appears that this strange American sect, which still continues to dance vigorously in Camberwell, do not, as a rule, call upon the public to give money towards their support.

"We do occasionally collect," said Mr. Kent White, one of their leaders, when questioned on this point, "but very seldom. Our motto is: 'Take no thought for the morrow. God will provide.'"

Once in America we were to leave a town on the Saturday, and we wanted no less than £200 to pay our way. During the service on Friday afternoon a wave of great joy passed over our little band. Each of us knew the money was coming, but we did not know from where.

That night the mail arrived. There was no money. The following morning at nine o'clock I was on my knees. A telegram was brought to me. I tore it open. 'Have wired you £200,' it read, and was signed with a name none of us knew."

NOVELIST IN A MOTOR ACCIDENT.

Mr. Joseph Conrad, the novelist, with his wife and child, were the occupants of a motor-car which knocked down and ran over a labourer, named George Field, in Chatham.

Field was yesterday awarded £21 damages and costs against Charles Hayward, the driver of the car.

ALIEN PEST.

More Dumped Vagabonds
from the Continent.

SCENES IN EAST LONDON.

The burning question in the East End is: When will the stream of diseased and helpless aliens cease to pour in?

Yesterday the ss. Strauss, of the Argo Company, landed nearly a hundred Russians from Bremen, at the St. Katherine Docks.

There is a network of emigration agencies on the Continent, and they engage berths, as required, in steamers of various companies.

These foreign agencies plant life in England in glowing colours. They induce hundreds of persecuted Jews to risk all on the journey. They land them penniless in England.

In distinction to most of the aliens who have landed recently, a number of yesterday's arrivals were well dressed. The whole party made for the Jewish shelter in Leman-street.

The men carried trunks and boxes of all kinds, the poorer ones shouldering canvas bags and tin tea boilers and mugs.

Most of the men wore astrakhan caps. The women had shawls over their heads. Some were delicate and refined in appearance. Many of the men were stalwart and intelligent-looking.

One who spoke a little French explained that some of them were escaping military service, but that the principal reason was the famine that prevails in South Russia.

The Jewish shelters are unequal to the demands being made. One of the workers says: "The better-dressed ones came here simply for advice and direction. They have money. Most of them are destined for America. It is the penniless ones that stay in England."

Jewish Charities Overtaxed.

Mr. Joseph Miller, the Rabbi in Cannon Street-road, is in great distress. "The ordinary demands on charity," he says, "are big enough. But this great rush of applicants is terrible."

He is divided between pity for the regular sufferers and compassion for the destitute new arrivals. Jews of all classes are subscribing generously to the various charities. The great cry is for bread and shelter.

Many refugees are sleeping in the synagogues. They are fed twice a day, and the Rabbis also preach to them. But during most of the day the streets, as was the case yesterday, are full of shivering, drenched, hungry strangers, unable to speak a word of English.

STILL MOVING ON.

Macedonian Gypsies Driven Into
Hertfordshire.

The wandering aliens who have been "trekking" in Essex have been driven over the border at Harlow into Hertfordshire, and left there.

They had settled comfortably on the high road when the police gave them a practical illustration of the English phrase "Move on."

At first they said "One of us is sick," and when they were advised to "get a doctor" they shook their heads.

"We have not horses enough," was the next excuse.

"I will borrow some to take you across the border," said the superintendent, whereupon they found their own steeds equal to the task, and now Harlow breathes freely again.

They are a mercenary, lazy, squally lot. Some of the women and girls are handsome, but the capacity to beg is evidently the loftiest ideal they set before the children. In fact, they will kiss people's dirty boots for a penny. They warm water in their mouths, then wash their faces in it. They charge a shilling to look at them, and they are keen horse dealers.

A mountainous duenna, laden with jewels, is their

queen, their keeper of the purse, and their generalissimo.

The Russian gypsies, who have been in Leeds for a fortnight, left yesterday for London. They number sixty, and came to England because they were refused admission to the United States.

ALIEN CASES AT THE COURTS.

The police courts provided yesterday their daily proof of the undesirable character of many of our alien visitors. Three weeks ago Abraham Gabob—according to his own story—came to England, after deserting from the Russian Army to avoid going to the front. He had no idea what he was going to do. The result was that he was found in the bedroom of a Whitechapel baker, on Monday afternoon, upon the point of leaving with stolen property.

The Thames magistrate yesterday sentenced Gabob to two months' hard labour.

The story of Ferdinand Andersen, who was remanded by the Lambeth magistrate, is that he came from Sweden some weeks ago. He was found in the breakfast-room of a house in Effra-road, Brixton, yesterday morning, and offered the explanation that he was hungry.

There was evidence that he had eaten some pears and apples and the jam, but not the crust, of a tart.

LIVERPOOL'S SUPERFLUOUS NEGROES.

The Liverpool authorities are embarrassed with the charge of twenty-two negro sailors, natives of the West Indies, who were shipped to Liverpool from Lisbon by the British Consul. The men are all deserters from American whaling vessels temporarily at anchor in the Azores.

There are no public funds for the deportation of the negroes to their native isles, and the Liverpool guardians are tired of keeping them on the rates, for not one has done a day's work.

At a meeting yesterday the clerk was instructed to take steps to get the negroes taken off the rates.

"WITH SHINING NUGGETS I SHALL COME."

Poetical Vows in a Scotch Breach of
Promise Action.

Some interesting poetical effusions will be read in open court when Miss Isabella Young, of Collargreen, Banffshire, brings her breach of promise action against Mr. Alexander Young, in the Edinburgh Court of Session.

Miss Young, who is thirty-one, is the daughter of a farmer. She claims £5,000 damages against Mr. Young, who conducts an extensive business in Mexico, where he is also a mine-owner.

According to the plaintiff, the parties met in 1891, and in August, 1892, became engaged.

He gave her an engagement ring, and for three weeks visited her nearly every day. When he went abroad he sent her letters written in the most affectionate and endearing terms, full of expressions of desire for her to go to Mexico.

On one occasion he thus described his proposed return, when he was to marry her:—

And I shall come again, my love,
Those twice three thousand miles,
And leave behind the orange grove
And the gold mine on the hill.
With shining nuggets I shall come,
And, better, than wilt love,
With a glorious wreath of orange blossom
To crown my darling's brow.

In 1900 the defendant returned to Scotland, and on October 12 of this year married another lady.

The defendant's story is that although he and Miss Young were sweethearts no formal proposal of marriage was ever made or accepted.

The plaintiff denies the defendant's allegation that she was "carrying on" with other men. She says that he has realised a large fortune, having an annual income of over £4,000.

BOY'S HEARTLESSNESS.

A case of amazing heartlessness on the part of John Fogarty, a lad of sixteen, was disclosed at Westminster Police Court yesterday.

His parents, who are in extremely poor circumstances, were threatened with police-court proceedings, and scraped together half a sovereign to pay a School Board fine. A younger child was dispatched with the money, but was waylaid by the brother John, who induced him by a falsehood to give up the money. The lad then spent the ten shillings on visits to music-halls.

The magistrate ordered him to be sent to a reformatory.

CLEVER CHILD INTERPRETER.

At a Stepney inquest yesterday the witnesses only spoke Lithuanian, and their evidence was intelligently interpreted by a girl of thirteen. It was stated that she had only been four years in England, and the jury complimented her on her achievement.

The Coroner: I have had her before me in other cases—in fact, she is the only person I have been able to find who can interpret this language, which is a most difficult one.

Walter Edward Phillips, a sharp clerk, who was sentenced three months' imprisonment at North London yesterday, was said to have robbed his employers of 250 tons of coal.

LASSED AND GAGGED.

Robber's Victim Left Bound in a
Ditch.

A succession of lawless incidents has occurred in the vicinity of Bromley, Kent, within the last ten days. Another case of robbery with violence—the third within that period—has now taken place.

In this last case an arrest has been effected, and yesterday morning Arthur Mason, aged thirty-two, a thick-set, powerful man, was charged at the police-court with highway robbery with violence.

While Arthur Sargeant, a farm labourer, of Bickley, was going to his work on Monday morning a man, whose he believes was the prisoner, stopped him and asked him for some tobacco. He said he had none. The man then remarked, "I'll see if you have any," and drew a rope from his pocket. Taking a step towards Sargeant, he threw it over his head. With a quick movement he forced the rope into Sargeant's mouth and tied it tightly behind his head and then round his throat.

Sargeant told the magistrates that he tried to push him away, but his assailant caught hold of his hands and tied them behind his head. He then threw him to the ground, turned out his pockets, and took his purse, containing 3s. 6d. He rolled him in the ditch under the hedge he left him helpless. It was more than an hour before anyone came to his rescue.

The prisoner was remanded.

FEARS FOR THE FUTURE.

Sad Farewell Message from a Lover to
His Sweetheart.

Tying a bag of potatoes, weighing nearly a stone, round his neck, a domestic servant in the kitchen of the War Office, named MacIntyre, threw himself into the Thames, and was drowned. He was only eighteen.

Extracts from a long letter written by MacIntyre to his young lady were read by Dr. Waldo at the inquest yesterday.

"I shall never be able to keep you as I should wish," wrote the young man, "partly because they are all out of work. . . . My throat is awful."

A fellow-servant said that MacIntyre's throat had been very bad, and for a long time he had worried over the death of his mother.

DOCTOR'S £1,000 CIGAR.

Smoke in a Tram Leads to Broken Leg
and Damages.

Damages of £1,000 were yesterday awarded at Liverpool Assizes to Dr. Hall, medical officer of Prescott Union, the defendants in the case being the Liverpool Corporation.

Dr. Hall was riding in one of the corporation's tramcars, and holding in his hand a smouldering cigar.

He refused either to put it out or to quit the car, and was forcibly ejected, and sustained a fractured leg.

Mr. Justice Walton held that, though plaintiff's conduct was obnoxious and stupid, it did not justify recourse to unnecessary violence.

SPAKIN' FOR THE BHOY.

Old Irishwoman's Cheerful Appeal to
Mr. Justice Wright.

"Sure, me lord, an' I've come all the way from Leitrim to spake for the bhoys," declared an old Irishwoman, who pleaded for her nephew before Mr. Justice Wright at Belfast Assizes yesterday.

The man was indicted for robbery with violence, and his lordship pointed out that he had a bad record and had assaulted the police.

"Ah, me lord, it was the polis that assaulted him," an' not him that bate the polis, at all," maintained the old lady. "Now, me lord, grant the old woman her request, an' I'll pray for ye, me lord, that I'll come down to Cork to see ye, me lord."

In spite of the eloquence of the old lady, the prisoner was put back for sentence.

WHY RING MUFFIN-BELLS?

In firing a muffin-seller at Marlborough-street Police Court yesterday, Mr. Denman said he had never been able to understand why the ringing of a bell made people buy muffins.

To his mind, the whole thing was false, and the best proof of that was that in some parts of London the custom had almost died out.

EX-CITY MARSHAL'S LOSSES.

The affairs of Captain Stanley, until recently the City Marshal, came before the London Bankruptcy Court yesterday. His filed accounts show gross liabilities £6,037 (£5,855 unsecured) and assets £87. Captain Stanley attributes his financial troubles to having become connected with company matters in January, 1901.

BARRISTERS MOBBED.

Exciting Adventure at a Railway
Station.

PINNED TO THE WALL.

The Divorce Court yesterday was thrilled by a tale of adventure and hairbreadth escape among the Alps.

When the Wright divorce case was adjourned on Friday Mr. Willis, a well-known member of the Junior Bar, was dispatched to Lugano to take the evidence on commission of a witness who could not come to England.

With Mr. Willis there went also Mr. Rogerson, representing Mrs. Wright's side, and Mr. Valletta, representing Mr. Wright.

Mr. Willis was, moreover, instructed to inspect the villa said to have been occupied by Mrs. Wright and Pico, the Italian medical student, and to note whether it would be possible for an agile young Italian to escape from a certain bedroom window.

The English barristers had performed the duties allotted to them—Mr. Rogerson told the tale to the Court—and were waiting on the platform of Lugano Station, when six of the natives made a hostile demonstration.

Junior Counsel's Head Cut Open.

Mr. Willis was carrying the bag containing the all-important depositions, and was unable to avoid a rush made at him. He was pinned against the station wall, and before he could be rescued was severely handled, so severely that his head was cut open and he bled freely from his face. He lost his umbrella and travelling rug, but pluckily stuck to the bag containing the precious depositions.

After this tale was told, the hero of it, Mr. Willis, went into the witness-box to describe the window, but was not asked about his adventure. There was an admiring warmth, however, in Sir Francis Jeune's voice when he said, at the conclusion of Mr. Willis's evidence, "Thank you, Mr. Willis."

The President had previously said to the jury, "All I can say, gentlemen, is that it is exceedingly fortunate we did not have to go to Lugano."

Mr. Rawlinson made an eloquent address to the jury in opening the defence. He denied that there had been the slightest impropriety or cause for suspicion between Mrs. Wright and Pico.

With regard to the latter, he said that the student would, in all probability, appear in court in person to deny the charges, which he had already denied by sworn deposition.

There had been some discussion, however, in getting Mr. Pico over, and counsel said that he was not sure that some adverse influence had not been at work.

The case was adjourned.

ABOUT AN OMNIBUS FARE.

Wary Passenger Incurs Trouble Through
Refusing His Penny.

When is an omnibus fare due?

This seems a simple question, and is usually answered by paying the conductor when he comes along.

But Mr. John B. O'Callaghan, engineer, of the Outer Temple, when travelling in a John Bull omnibus did not take this view. He held the fare was not due till the journey's end.

The conductor argued the point, so did the engineer. The dispute occasioned an obstruction, and yesterday Mr. Marshall went into the matter at Bow-street, where Mr. O'Callaghan was charged.

Counsel said an omnibus was like a cab—fare not due till completion of journey. For "pirate" omnibuses it was an excellent rule to follow; his client had been "had" by a "pirate," hence his contumacy.

Mr. O'Callaghan was discharged, and his counsel, unable to obtain summons against the constable who made the arrest, said he was instructed to report him. He was a disgrace to the force.

At the Clerkenwell Sessions an area sneak named Francis Leslie, thirty-eight, was ordered nine months' hard labour for the theft of a clock, the property of Isabelle Lady Ebury.

THINNEST WATCHES IN THE WORLD.

REDUCED
TO - 25/- FIVE YEARS' WRITTEN GUARANTEE.
Sold Elsewhere at £2 10s.

Blue Oxidized Cases - Jewelled Lever Movements.
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Has been used over 50 years by millions of mothers for their children while teething with perfect success. It soothes the child, cures the gum, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for DIARRHOEA. Sold by all Chemists at 1/4 per bottle.

NEWS IN BRIEF FROM ALL PARTS.

Seventeen Army doctors have been blackballed at the Junior United Service Club.

Tar used for road repairs overboiled in Regent-street yesterday with a fierce blaze which stopped the traffic.

For breaking a glass panel and being in possession of a loaded revolver a Navy steward named Ponting has been fined 20s. at Brentford.

AYRSHIRE'S ALIEN PLOUGHMEN.

That his own native Ayrshire could be invaded by Polish ploughmen is surely enough to make Robert Burns turn in his grave.

Originally introduced into the mines of Lanarkshire, however, a number of aliens are now finding employment with farmers in adjacent shires.

INCONSTANCY AT LEEDS.

Mr. Justice Grantham, in charging the Grand Jury at Leeds, has expressed himself astonished at the lack of permanence in the local marital alliances.

There were six cases of bigamy to be tried, more than the Judge has ever encountered before at a single assize.

YE MISTLETOE BOUGH.

England at Christmas depends almost entirely on Normandy and Brittany for the mistletoe bough.

It is interesting, therefore, to learn that there has this year been an abnormal growth, so, unless Covent Garden wills the contrary, the white berries will be unusually cheap.

KING JOHN ON THE RATES.

The Lambeth Guardians have declined an account from another union for the support of a pauper and his family, who is being boarded out with them.

The account has been made out in this form: "To maintenance of King John and family."

IMPORTANCE OF A TEAPOT.

"Taking the importance of this case into consideration, I prefer to be tried by twelve of my own countrymen," said John Scrimmings to the Lincoln magistrates, and he was accordingly committed for trial to quarter sessions.

He was charged with stealing a teapot valued at 5pence.

SMOKED THE FAMILY TEA.

That he annexed the family tea to use as tobacco was one of the allegations of cruelty brought by his wife against James Mann, a collier, in the Salford Sessions Court.

As one of the unemployed who refused to work and allowed his family to live on charity, he was sentenced to nine months' hard labour.

HEROES' CHRISTMAS BOX.

For the last six years J. H. Roberts, of 158, Fleet-street, has been enabled by the generosity of the public to send each needy survivor of the Balclava Light Brigade Charge a sovereign at Christmas.

The amount asked is not very large, but it means the difference between want and comfort to thirty men who fought England's battles fifty years ago.

SUPPORTING AN ALIBI.

To a charge of trespassing in pursuit of game, John Thomas Hull, at Clitheroe Police Court, set up a most promising alibi.

He, however, incautiously elected to cross-examine witnesses, and asked a gamekeeper, "Why did you not charge us with the offence when you came up to us?"

To his surprise his question was held to have proved the charge, and he was fined 40s.

BEGONIAS IN A FOG.

Plant life at Kew Gardens has felt the effects of the recent fogs more than is usually the case.

Even in the well-protected orchid houses all the plants have been stripped of their blooms, while the foliage of the begonias has nearly disappeared.

In the large palm house crotons and the leca excelsa have lost their leaves, and the aroids have suffered great injury.

NEW FANS FOR PARLIAMENT.

In the elaborate scheme of ventilation at the Houses of Parliament furnaces on the roof in conjunction with the six large air shafts drawing the vitiated air from the chambers have held important place.

Experiments made with large centrifugal fans have proved so satisfactory that the furnaces will be abolished and fans installed in their place before the opening of Parliament.

PARSON ON PIPE-SMOKING.

Parish magazines are usefully employed in teaching social etiquette among some congregations.

The Rev. L. Savaland, vicar of Holy Trinity, Darwen, in his hints on politeness, deals with amenities of smoking.

If, he says, a lady and gentleman are "talking vice-a-vis, the gentleman would make it much pleasanter for the lady if he did not direct quite all the fumes from his pipe and mouth into her sweet face."

For stopping his omnibus away from the kerb a driver was fined 2s. 6d. at the City Summons Court.

Homeward bound from America, the three-masted ship Madeline has been lost in the Channel and the crew of fifteen landed at Calais.

Wool goods to the value of £118,691 were exported to the United States in November, as against £14,515 the same month last year.

Acetylene gas of 8,000 candle-power will illuminate the tower of Westminster Cathedral to-morrow night, the Feast of the Immaculate Conception.

SIR HORACE TOZER'S REGRET.

In acknowledging the receipt of an address from the Australian Chamber of Commerce, Sir Horace Tozer, the Agent-General of Queensland, said he regretted that he must go back to Australia without ever having been introduced to a Premier of Great Britain.

In his seven years of office he had only been in the Colonial Office a dozen times.

The Government did not make the best of the material they had for the interests of Empire. If they brought the Agents-General into council it would redound to their own benefit and the interests of the Empire at large.

CITY PRESENTS OF CLOTH.

According to ancient custom, yesterday, at the first meeting of the Court of Aldermen in December, the members inspected and selected the cloth sent each year to the great Officers of State and others.

The recipients included the Lord Chancellor, the Lord Chief Justice, the Master of the Rolls, the Lord Chamberlain, the Vice-Chamberlain, the Lord Steward, the Treasurer and Comptroller of His Majesty's Household, the Home Secretary, the Foreign Secretary, the Attorney-General, and the Solicitor-General.

WHALES HELP FISHERMEN.

At Loch Ewe, in Western Ross, whales have assisted fishermen to make a remarkably fine catch of herrings.

For a whole week the severe weather prevented the boats putting forth, although the loch was alive with herrings, and the fishermen bemoaned their ill-luck.

When, however, coming into the loch, caused the herrings to take refuge close in shore in shallow water, and they have been landed in large quantities by means of buckets.

SPINSTER TO WIDOW IN THREE DAYS.

To be a spinster, married woman, and widow in three days has been the experience of a woman at New Mills, in Derbyshire.

Miss M. E. Anfield, of New Mills, on Saturday married a young man, named Joshua Summer, of Strines, near Stockport, then apparently in excellent health.

The following day he was taken ill, and died the next morning.

WARRANT WAITS FIFTEEN YEARS.

Over fifteen years have elapsed since the issue of the warrant under which Richard Brooks was brought before the Bury magistrates charged with being 42 1/2s. 6d. in arrears on a maintenance order due to his wife.

Since then he has been in America, and the arrears now amount to £273. He has been bound over to appear again on Monday.

DANCED IN THE GOLDEN SLIPPER.

Another young lady—Miss Waters, Swanage—has succeeded in placing Cinderella's glass slipper on her foot. This young lady not only wore it with comfort, but actually danced in it.

In memory of Queen Victoria, an infirmary for mid-Cheshire was opened yesterday at Northwich.

The Prince of Wales will arrive at Dublin on Monday, January 23, on a shooting visit to Lord Ardilaun.

Because the City Corporation keep and locked up, Arthur Baker, a fish porter, slipped off a wet plank at Billingsgate and was killed.

OUTSIDE WORKERS NOT WANTED.

Deptford Borough Council is to provide work at 3s. 6d. a day for the local unemployed.

The scale of pay is 6d. per day under that which casual labourers can earn, and has been so fixed in order not to attract them to the borough.

LIGHT GREEN FOR MOURNING.

Curious funeral trappings were used at the interment of the remains of Mr. C. J. Ferguson, F.S.A., at Carlisle.

The coffin was covered with a violet pall and placed on a light lorry painted olive green, and drawn by two grey horses driven tandem.

AUTOGRAPH PRICES.

Several interesting autographs have been offered at Sotheby's.

According to the latest sale-room verdict, the autograph of Queen Elizabeth is worth £15, that of Oliver Cromwell £7 15s., that of Queen Anne £5 5s., that of King Edward £2 14s., and that of Queen Victoria only £1 8s.

READY-MADE STATUE.

The following advertisement appears in a trade journal:—"Important to committees or parties proposing to erect memorial commorative of heroism or soldier's monument. 'Can' deliver immediately, heroic-size bronze statue representing young knight in armour with drawn sword and hand on heart, suggestive of self-sacrifice. Photographs and details on application to—"

STARVED CORPORATION HORSES.

Cardiff Corporation have appointed a committee to investigate allegations that their horses are underfed.

Thirty of the teamsters have emphatically declared that their horses were allowed to about the town from the first thing in the morning until a late hour without food.

In consequence they had to fetch grass from the corporation cemetery and parks with which to feed the animals while on their rounds.

MASSACRE OF THE INNOCENTS.

Mr. Tassor, coroner for the High Peak, gives notice he will hold an inquest in every case where a child is found dead in bed.

It was most important this should be done, he states, seeing that every year in England 1,600 children were found by juries to have been suffocated in bed.

There were very many more found dead in bed in regard to whom other verdicts were returned, but the fact was that every week in England thirty children were suffocated in bed with their parents.

ROWTON HOUSE LIKE HOME.

Ministers of religion at Birmingham make continuous applications to hold religious services at the local Rowton House.

Mr. J. Moore Bayley, at the annual meeting of the company, said they were quite willing to assist the ministers in regard to the services which they might hold in the neighbourhood, but they would not be allowed to hold services in the building and cause the trouble which the controversial subject of religion frequently gave rise to.

They wanted the men to feel that they were free, that it was their home.

THREE MORE DAYS

and then one of the greatest Christmas offers ever made will have passed away. After next Saturday the exquisite portrait Miniatures which we are offering to our readers at such ridiculously low sums will no longer be obtainable as Christmas gifts. It is risky to wait until the last day. Those who wish to make use of securing one of these charming works of art should cut out the coupon below and send off to-day. It is impossible for you to form any conception of the real beauty of a "Daily Mirror" Miniature until you have seen one. No photograph, however perfect, can give you such a realistic and lifelike impression of yourself as one of these brilliant little portraits finished in water-colours. What more charming Christmas gift could one make to a relative or dearest friend than one of these superb little ornaments? Remember that it is only an advertisement for the "Daily Mirror" that we are able to offer you these beautiful little Miniatures finished in water-colours and mounted as

PENDANT, 2/11; BROOCH, 3/3.

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If you require a double Pendant, that is one with pictures on both sides, the price is only 1s. extra. How to Send for the Miniatures.—When sending for the "Daily Mirror" Brooch or Pendant fill in the Coupon below, enclose photograph and postal order crossed Coutts and Co., and send it to the Miniature Department, "Daily Mirror" Office, 2, Carmelite Street, E.C.

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WRITE Name

PLAINLY Address

Colour of Hair

Colour of Eyes

Complexion

Dress

Call at 45, New Bond Street, London, W., or 2, Carmelite Street, and see one.

ZOO VETERAN DYING.

Last Hours of Jim, the Great Rhinoceros.

There is bitter sorrow at the Zoological Gardens, for Jim, the great Indian rhinoceros, and the oldest inhabitant of the Gardens, is dying.

For forty-one years he has led a peaceful life there, but now old age has overtaken him, and for the last year he has been slowly wasting away.

Death is coming easily to him. There is no pain and no illness. He is lying quietly amid a mountain of clean straw, blinking his tired old eyes occasionally, and waiting quietly for the end. His keeper noticed the change in Jim over a year ago. Before then a watchful eye had to be kept on the veteran, for to relieve the monotony of his long sojourn in captivity he had a cheerful habit of attempting to unexpectedly "stir up" his custodians.

But about last December he grew so amiable and tractable that the keeper knew something must be going wrong with Jim. He has grown steadily worse and more amiable until now he has no more vice than an old sheep.

The approaching end was signalled by a pathetic incident. Jim has not of recent months been so eager to take his daily constitutional in his paddock, preferring rather to rest in his warm straw bed.

Recently he was persuaded with difficulty to take a little walk. With slow, faltering steps, his ponderous feet stepping very cautiously, he walked out of his stable into the paddock. He browsed for a minute and then lifted his head and looked towards his stable.

"Just as plain as the animal could," he said, "I'm tired. Let me rest," his keeper told the *Daily Mirror* yesterday.

Jim took a few restless steps and his tired feet would bear even his wasted body no further. Exhausted, he rolled over, just outside the door.

"Jim was worn out. So," said the keeper, "we got ropes and somehow—far he helped himself. There he has lain ever since, and he will never get up any more."

Yesterday he was lying dozing quite contentedly all the day.

THE CITY.

Confidence Maintained in Spite of Depressing Conditions—Kaffirs Slack—New "Standard" Issue at a Premium.

CASEL COURT, Tuesday Evening.—Stock markets experienced their usual Tuesday's slowness, and perhaps the depressing weather conditions did something to intensify it. There was the talk of the market being a little better than it was, but this in itself might not ordinarily have been more than noticed. However, close observers of market conditions did notice that there was anything but a "good" day. Markets may have lost a little ground on the day, but confidence on the whole was maintained. Unusually good, though conditions in the banking world are wholly favourable to the Stock Exchange. A straw which showed pretty well which way the wind was blowing was the closing of the first for the New Zealand new issue, although these lists were advertised to remain open until Thursday.

Home Rails were a little dull, and here again the adverse weather conditions certainly told. At the same time, the cheering news for Lancashire in regard to cotton seemed to help the North-Western, the Lancashire and Yorkshire, the Great Central, and some other lines, though the first two named had been in a somewhat favourable in the rumours about them in our last report. The traffic announced during the day did not look surprisingly good on paper, but the fact was that the traffic was good. The Southampton showed £111 up, and the Great Eastern £100 up.

There was a dull tendency for Americans, and business was slack, but there was not very much in it one way or the other. The Street market in Americans was passing dull. Steel Preferences are the good feature.

Canadian Rails Dull.

Canadian Rails seemed to lose their steam, and were inclined to fall back. A good deal of interest seemed to be taken in the Argentine section. The market itself was rather dull, and this was due to talk of rust among the wheat. Naturally this rumour, which emanated from America, tended to put prices back. But, on inquiries being made among shipping and railway circles, the report was laughed at. It was admitted that recently there has been a good deal of rain, but all the expectations seem to be of a favourable crop. There was talk again of a Costa Rica Railway "deal," which put the price up to 2s. There was some buying of the Railway shares at 5s on the increasing earnings. And, in the Mexican group, there was gradual returning confidence, now that the prospect of a sales seems to be over.

Japanese bonds have been rather slack to-day, and the same is true of the Argentine section. Copper shares have been somewhat depressed, and the metal was not so high in price to-day. There was some offering of Peruvian Concentrate issues. And, in addition to these recent speculative features, there has been a somewhat dull tendency for the generality of Foreign securities. For the reports from the foreign markets were not so good.

The Anglo-Chinese gamble, which has always been confined within the limits of a small settlement, has to-day, and Pekin Syndicates were depressed to 1 1/2. The new issues of "The Standard" were quoted in the market, and they called for a premium. In addition to these recent speculative features, there has been a somewhat dull tendency for the generality of Foreign securities. For the reports from the foreign markets were not so good.

Kaffirs opened rather slack, but then there were some recovery, in spite of the fact that business was rather slack, and most things are a little lower on balance. In the Aberdeen group, the Aberdeen shares at one time slipped back to 3 5/8, owing to the special settlement being so near. The Street market after hours was washed away by the rain. The good report of the Aberdeen and the report of the Takuah and Abosso companies were welcomed in the West African market as promising better times next year. The good report of the Sams, Ashanti Goldfields, and Broomfield companies were liked. Taking West Africans as a whole, the tone was a little dull, and this also was the case as regards West Australians.

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Daily Mirror

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1904.

THE NATION'S SONGS.

When we were in the water the lieutenant said: "Give us a song to cheer us up a bit," so we struck up "Bill Bailey," with death staring us in the face.—*Letter from one of the survivors of the naval explosion at Portsmouth.*

WHETHER it was who first said, "Let me make the nation's songs; any one who will can make its laws" was not merely a phrase-maker. He knew that laws are merely the outcome of popular feelings, and that popular feelings are often swayed and directed by popular songs.

If the songs that are hummed and whistled in every street were of the right kind you would probably find much less discontent with our system of government. A nation which could distinguish between the right and the wrong kinds of song would also be able to distinguish between right and wrong systems of government and between the right and wrong kinds of people to entrust with governing duties. A nation which, when asked for a song, strikes up "Bill Bailey" cannot expect to be well governed. Government by politicians is just the kind it deserves.

Fancy facing death with such words and music on one's lips! Fancy being unable to find a more inspiring password into the Unknown than "Bill Bailey, won't you please come home!" It is not as if we lacked a store of fine old ballads. It is not that we have no composers capable of offering the people better songs. It is simply that the better songs are not kept before the public as persistently as the worse are.

There is nothing, either in the illiterate verses or the dreary tune of "Bill Bailey," to explain why it should be popular, while songs with stirring words and fitting melodies are neglected. Its triumph due to the fact that it and others of its class have hitherto had the field almost to themselves.

Fortunately the "ring" of music publishers interested in prolonging this state of things is being broken up. The day of deafness for good music is over. The best is in future to be the cheapest as well. Of the effect of this upon the public taste we have no doubt. The sailors of ten years hence will have something better than "Bill Bailey" to cheer them in the presence of Death.

WHAT BECOMES OF MESSENGER BOYS?

They grow into men, of course. But they cannot grow into messenger men, because the number of the latter class is small. Nor do they all become carmen, in spite of the fact that the Rev. A. W. Jephson thinks they are fit for nothing else.

They take to all kinds of occupations, and in most cases their training as messenger boys stands them in good stead. They have acquired habits of discipline, quickness, industry. They have seen something of the world. They have learnt to look after themselves. "Home-keeping youths have ever homely wits." A well-trained messenger has all his wits about him.

Surely, then, Mr. Jephson's outcry about the Post Office being "the curse of half the boys it employs" is uncalled for. Even if it were possible to keep them all on after they have become men, we doubt whether it would be a good thing.

It does young men good to be obliged to shift for themselves. A young sufferer, but all who are of any use soon find their feet. And they find at the same time that they have learnt what self-reliance means, a lesson of very great value indeed.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

I have only three rules of life—Never do anything underhanded; never get your feet wet; go to bed at ten.—*The late Bishop Stubbs of Oxford.*

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

LONDON has never had a royal visitor who enjoyed himself more thoroughly than King Carlos of Portugal. What he likes above all things is the freedom with which he can walk about the streets. He is obliged to take a good deal of exercise on foot in order to keep in health. Here he can do it without attracting any tiresome amount of public attention. He passes as one of the public himself.

He now realises the truth of De Quincy's remark that in London "you become aware that you are not noticed; nobody sees you; nobody hears you; nobody regards you; you do not even regard yourself." A crowd stops to watch a fallen horse. King Carlos stops, too. A policeman holds up a hand at a crossing. His Majesty waits with the rest of the world until the hand is lowered. So delighted, indeed, is Portugal's monarch with this and other aspects of London that he is in no hurry whatever to return home.

Susan, Countess of Malmesbury, is not, as many people imagine, the mother of the present (the fifth) Earl. She was the wife of the third Earl, and is now married to Sir John Ardagh. She has a beautiful house in Hampshire, and goes down there when she has any important literary work to do. She writes a great deal, and is an authority upon sport, going in chiefly for salmon fishing and cycling. Some years ago she had a bad accident in the hunting-field, and has not done much in that way since.

Lord Malmesbury's fiancée comes of a very wealthy family indeed. Her father, Lord Calthorpe, is the great ground landlord of Birmingham, and his property there is said to bring in as much as £119,000 a year. He may well be grateful to the ancestor who foresaw the value of land in the Birmingham neighbourhood. Lord Calthorpe's favourite occupation is golf; he is a most enthusiastic player on North Hampshire links.

The death of Miss Adeline Sergeant would leave girl-readers forlorn and booklets were it not for Mrs. L. T. Meade, who now holds the supreme place among the providers of girls' books. Like Miss Sergeant, Mrs. Meade began to write as a tiny child. She used then to live in the country, and was one day perceived weeping by the roadside. "A woman who lived in the same village came up to console her. 'What is the matter, dear?' 'I am crying about Herbert,' said the little girl. 'Herbert! Who is Herbert?' 'A little boy I am making up.'"

Steadily, ever since that day, Mrs. Meade has been "making up" people, and causing innumerable girl-readers to shed tears as bitter as her own. She had some difficulty, however, in getting her father to let her earn her living. He was of the old school, and told her proudly that "there has never yet been a woman of our family who earned money." But he was softened when the first book, by which the sum of £10 was actually cleared, was published. Mrs. Meade, like Miss Sergeant again, is a writer with a very large output.

LAST NIGHT'S PLAY AT THE SAVOY THEATRE.



Mrs. Brown-Potter and Mr. Gilbert Hare in the new version of "Pagliacci," with music, but without singing. Nedda, a strolling player, repulses the advances of the hunchback actor, Tonio, whereupon he denounces her and her lover to her husband, who stabs her to the heart.

Society, scattered just now in innumerable country houses, is much interested in the engagement of Lord Malmesbury, who is just thirty-two, to the Hon. Dorothy Calthorpe, youngest daughter of Lord and Lady Calthorpe. Lord Malmesbury's title is not a very old one, but his family, the family of Harris, can trace descent from the royal House of Plantagenet. An amusing story is told of one of his ancestors, Mr. James Harris, who was elected to Parliament for Christchurch, and was renowned as an authority on grammar and harmony, of all unlikely subjects.

When he took his seat another member asked a friend of his, "Who on earth is Harris?" The reply was vague—"An authority on grammar and harmony, I believe." "If that be so," said the first member, "what the deuce does he want here, where there is so little of either?" The present Lord Malmesbury, like the grammarian, his ancestor, is a good speaker, and once proved the gift by actually persuading his colleagues of the London County Council to carry out a municipal project he had formed. He who moves the L.C.C. must be an orator indeed!

The Salvation Army and its leaders are very much to the front just now. Mrs. Bramwell Booth, one of its most active workers, was heard last night in a Presbyterian church by a very large and attentive audience. Mrs. Bramwell Booth was moved to her work as a Salvationist by hearing Mrs. General Booth preach at the Steinway Hall. Before that important evening in her life she had no knowledge of the Army and its work, but ever since it has engrossed every moment of her time. She was a Miss Soper at the time; she married Mr. Bramwell Booth four years afterwards.

If you want to marry in the Salvation Army you must get the sanction of the General. At the time Mr. Bramwell Booth gained permission to pay his court to Miss Soper she was living for a time in Paris. He could only secure one day in which to propose to her. He rushed across to Paris and told her how long he had been attached to her. Could she not give him a favourable answer at once? Miss Soper did so finally, though she told him at first that she required a few days to make up her mind, since he had been so long in making up his!

A MAN OF THE MOMENT.

General Sir Baker Russell.

BORN in New South Wales the year Queen Victoria came to the throne, he joined the Army when he was eighteen. After fifty years of service he retired yesterday.

And a fine figure of a man he is still, in spite of his age. At Portsmouth, where he has been Lieutenant-Governor, he is both loved and admired, for Tommy Atkins is quick to recognise a good leader and a man who will uphold the Army. One of the first things he did on taking up his command at Portsmouth was to make things unpleasant for some publicans who had refused to serve men in uniform.

And he has the dash, too, which his men admire. Directly he joined the Army he found himself in the Indian Mutiny, and even at that early age he was to be seen, when his senior officers had been cut down, leading cavalry charges like a veteran, and earning mention in despatches.

Next he fought in Ashanti, and then in the Arabi rising, leading the famous midnight charge at Kassassin. His horse was shot under him, but he soon had another. No wonder he inspires confidence wherever he may be.

Quick as he is with his sword, he has proved himself as quick with his tongue. During his special service in South Africa he applied for allowance for an extra horse owing to the extent of ground he had to cover. The authorities that he measured the distance on the map, and refused. "As the crow flies the distance is only so much," they said. "I ride a horse, not a crow," said Sir Baker.

Handsome, hearty, bluff, and fearless he was an ideal cavalry leader. What a pity that good men ever grow old!



MR. WARNER IN "PAGLIACCI."

He gives a powerful performance of the jealous husband, Canio.

IN MY GARDEN THIS MORNING.

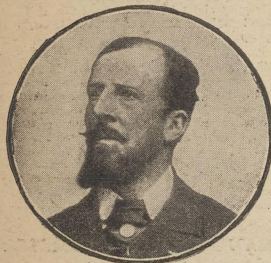
DECEMBER 7.—The last of the autumn flowers have succumbed to frost and snow. We must now look to the few plants that blossom in winter.

The easiest to grow are three in number; these, with evergreen trees and shrubs, will be our only source of delight during the year's dark days.

First come the indispensable Christmas roses. Secondly, we have that lovely snow-white laurestinus, now slowly opening its rosy-white buds. Last, but not least, is the yellow jessamine. This climber is already beginning to bloom; flinging many a ray of sunshine across wall and arch. E. F. T.

MIRROR. CAMERAGRAPHS.

JAURES-DEROULEDE DUEL.



M. Dérouté, the Nationalist leader, who fought a duel at Hendaye with—



—M. Jaures, the Socialist orator, yesterday morning. The opponents exchanged two shots without result.

SCENE AT A "PENTECOSTAL" DANCE.



Mr. Harvey, speaking at his meeting at Camberwell Baths. He says that he dances because he can't help it, and that his Holy Dance warns people that the end of the world is near.

"PHYLLIS'S" MOTHER.



Mrs. Danby, to whom Miss Phyllis has returned three times, in defiance of the finding of the Courts.

VICE-ADMIRAL D. KAZNAKOFF.



The Russian Admiral, who says it is of vital necessity for Russia to dispatch the Black Sea Fleet through the Dardanelles.

FAREWELL DINNER TO MR. EDWARD TERRY



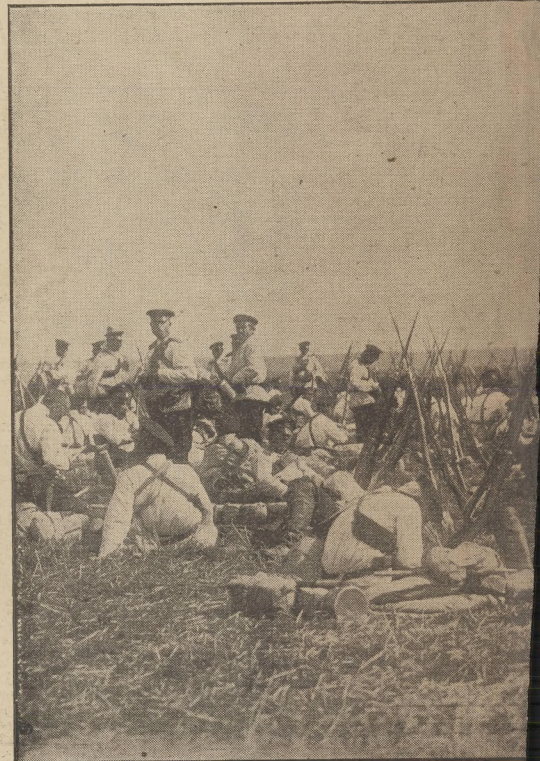
Mr. Edward Terry has played in Australia and South Africa, but the people of America have not yet had Mr. Terry leaves for America next Saturday. Our photograph shows the farewell dinner which was given to him. Some of the guests who may be seen in this picture are the Earl of Lathom, Mr. George Alexander, Sir Squire Bancroft, Mr. Beerbol, and Mr. Hentschel.

AMAZONS' COMMANDER




Anna Paskoff, who, when her native village on the Amur was threatened by a Japanese raid, formed a corps of women. They were armed with rifles and bayonets, but owing to one of the Amazons being wounded while at bayonet exercise these were confiscated, and they were drilled with wooden staves.

RUSSIANS RESTING AFTER



A lull in the fight: Unique snapshot of the famous Kharkov.



NEWS PHOTOGRAPHS.

ON HIS DEPARTURE FOR AMERICA.



the opportunity of enjoying his versatile acting. Their desires will soon be gratified, however, as
m at the Savoy, when the Duke of Abercorn took the chair. Among other well-known people who
n Tree, Sir Eyre Massey Shaw, Sir Joseph Dimsdale, Mr. Marshall Hall, K.C., and Mr. Carl

R THE BATTLE.



ent bivouacking after the great Sha-ho battle.

MICHAEL ABRAMOFF,



A Russian knife-grinder, who has received an autograph letter from the Tsaritsa. He has fourteen children, nine of whom went to the war. Two were killed and one wounded at Liao-yang, while at the Sha-ho battle three were killed, fighting side by side, and three seriously wounded.

COMING AUTOMOBILE EXHIBITION IN PARIS.



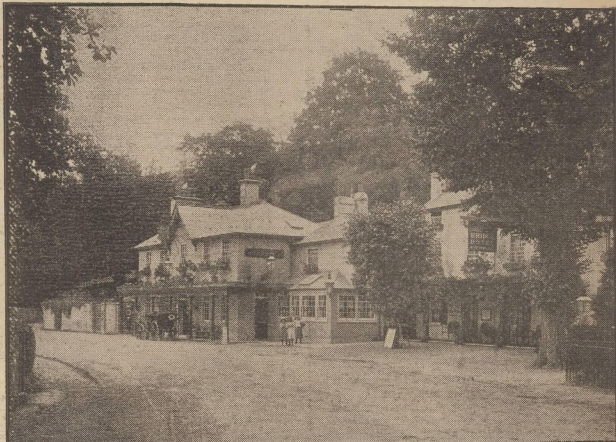
The preparations for the great automobile exhibition are well in hand. This picture shows the men at work on the great globe for 10,000 electric lamps, which is to be fixed in the roof.

NEARLY 16,000 CHILDREN BAREFOOTED.



The distribution of boots by the "Evening News" is proceeding apace, but, as is seen by our picture, many poor children are still without decent shoes. Send your donation to the "Evening News," Carmelite-street, E.C., and help one of these little ones who are in dire necessity.

HISTORIC HOTEL SOLD.



The Burford Bridge Hotel, near Dorking, which has been sold to the Surrey Trust Co., with which Lord Farrer is closely connected. It is stated that Lord Nelson was staying at this hotel when he received his orders to proceed to the fleet that afterwards conquered at Trafalgar.

THE JUDGE'S SECRET.

By ANDREW LORING,
Author of "Mr. Smith of England."

PERSONS OF THE STORY.

MR. ALANSON GASCOYNE, Judge of the High Court.

LADY GASCOYNE (Rosamond), his Wife.

RICHARD DEVERILL, in love with Lady Gascoyne. She has compromised herself by visiting his chambers, but of this her husband is still ignorant.

Mrs. LA GRANGE, Lady Gascoyne's friend, a social butterfly, heavily in debt.

HAROLD SOMERTON, Mrs. La Grange's brother, a blackguard, who has been in prison, but has since made money. Knowing of the intrigue between Deverill and Lady Gascoyne, he blackmails Deverill into helping him to regain his position in society.

Through Deverill he offers his sister, who for a long time has "cut" him, £2,000 to invite him to dinner.

GERTRUDE GASCOYNE, the Judge's sister, whom Somerton has set his heart on marrying.

Mr. BRASSER, a millionaire, in love with Gertrude. He left London on an exploring expedition, and later his death was announced. His will included a legacy to Deverill.

Miss ELTON, daughter of an Armenian money-lender. On the death of her father she carries on the business, and secretly gives the profits to relieve her distressed countrymen.

SKEERETT, secretary to the late Mr. Brasser, now his executor.

JANE BROWN. In Mr. Brasser's early days, as a poor country boy, he was her lover, but left her to come to London, where he made his immense fortune.

HUGH MORDAUNT, a client in Miss Elton's tall. Both Miss Elton and Gertrude Gascoyne are in love with him.

CONNIE ALDRIDGE, a friend of Gertrude's, and matron of a private hospital.

CHAPTER XXXV.

Miss Elton's Awakened Conscience.

Miss Miriam Elton received the next morning a letter from Gertrude Gascoyne enclosing a five-pound note, saying that she was glad to contribute that much towards the poor Armenian family, and suggesting that they be sent to South America. The recipient of this letter read it over three or four times with a clouded brow. She saw that it was intentionally curt.

"I have offended her," she said to herself. "She is angry with me because I could not pluck up courage at the critical moment. She did not hesitate—and I—I was afraid to get out of the carriage. There is something about these English ladies that makes them brave. She has a right to despise me—and yet, why should she? It was a bold thing to do, to go among those grinning people. It was un ladylike."

Miss Elton in one moment blamed herself for not having promptly stood by to rescue Hugh Mordant; in the next instant she blamed Gertrude for having done it; and she finally succeeded in convincing herself that she was glad it had all happened, was relieved that Miss Gascoyne was amused with her.

She was not at all aware that the secret of her conclusion was to be found in the conviction that she now felt free to take her own course with regard to the invalid in the private hospital in Mortimer-street. She felt that she had more than paid any kindness that Gertrude had rendered to her, and now that the letter had voluntarily estranged herself she need not be considered at all.

"He does not love her. If she loves him—well, what can come of that?"

She promptly drove to the hospital and inquired after the patient.

The matron heard of his inquiry, and gave instructions that she and the young lady if she came again. Connie Aldridge reproached herself for having so weakly permitted Gertrude to have access to the patient. One possible way of undoing harm would be to encourage the rival. If this mysterious caller, who was described to her as a charming beauty in black—an Italian, perhaps, or someone of the daintiest of foreigners," as the maid reported—could carry off the heart of the patient, Gertrude would be safe.

Thus it was that Miss Elton next day found herself face to face with one who was bent on being as agreeable as she possibly could be, and who was willing to do everything she could to carry out her visitor's wishes. The first thing that she did was to relieve the obvious embarrassment of the caller. Miss Elton was assured, perhaps not with the strictest regard to facts, that it was not at all unusual for young ladies to make inquiries about patients, and to come there loaded with flowers and fruit.

"He is my business adviser," faltered Miss Elton. "Of course, I am anxious about him."

"Very natural," answered the matron, watching every movement of her visitor with carefully-hidden curiosity, and wondering who she was. She could not place her at all.

"I suppose," said Constance Aldridge, with a pleasant smile, "that you do not wish Mr. Mordant to know that you are showing this kindly interest in him?"

"Why not?" promptly returned the Good Samaritan. "Is it not always a relief in a sick-room to understand that friends are anxious?"

The matron laughed.

"Not knowing your name, it is hardly likely to reach him."

A card was promptly placed in her hand. It contained only the name and the Park-lane address. The matron was now puzzled than ever. She had never heard of Miss Elton. She could not understand how a girl of this age could have a card which did not contain the name of her mother, nor how she could be living in Park-lane.

There were other little signs, trifling hints, in the speech and ways of her visitor that proved to the matron that the young lady was not quite of her world; but she became more affable with each succeeding moment. No match-making mother was more determined to make matters smooth for two young people than was Connie Aldridge to open the gates for this couple. She hoped to be the salvation of Gertrude Gascoyne by sending Hugh Mordant from that hospital an engaged man.

"He has certainly been very ill," she said. "A slight stroke; yes, that was it, a slight stroke."

"It was really that?"

The question was asked with an intense eagerness. The matron gravely nodded her head. Anything might be called a stroke.

Miriam, who had not thorough knowledge of Mordant's habits, heard these words with an intense relief. Cretulous of everything concerning him, she now believed that she had done him an injustice, had put a harsh construction on the cause of his fall in the street.

"Miss Gascoyne," she said slowly, "brought him here. Is she—has she come to inquire after him?"

"She came the next day," answered the secretly-amused ladies, "as usual times." "Miss Gascoyne is always very strict in performing any social duty that she may think devolves upon her. I wrote yesterday that she was getting on nicely. She will not come again."

She spoke the truth. He was quite conscious now—and, besides, the last word that Gertrude had heard from his fevered lips was the name of Miriam Elton.

Miss Elton left the hospital half an hour later, with the conviction that the matron was positively the kindest and most delightful lady she had ever known. This impression was deepened the next day, and strengthened on the third. On this occasion, however, Miss Aldridge was compelled to protest against the rain of flowers and fruit.

"Really, Miss Elton," she said, "all my patients would have to live on grapes to eat up what you are sending. As for the flowers, they would line the walls of every room."

"I'm so sorry," said the prodigal semi-Oriental, "I did not think. Could I send in any books or papers?"

"Bore him, I'm afraid," said the matron. "He's just far enough along now to be triflingly irritable—a very good sign indeed."

"It is not like him," said the anxious enquirer.

"He'll be out in about ten days," continued the matron. "Before that comes he will have a week of boredom. I know that kind of patient well. He'll be cross, and he'll be grateful and sulky by turns. He'll ask what time it is every hour, and say that he is able to get out. He ought to spend the whole of next week simply nursing his strength; spending most of his time dressed and sitting up in his sitting-room."

Miss Elton instantly made the response that the matron hoped and expected.

"Perhaps," she cried, "I could make some of the hours brighter for him. Would it—could I—"

"You certainly could. I daresay he'd be very grateful if you'd come and nurse him for a little time each day. Some of your flowers are on his table now. He was admiring them this morning, and his nurse told me how much he appreciated them."

That was how it was that, on the succeeding Monday, Miss Elton found herself seated in the daintiest of sitting-rooms upstairs, looking almost furtively at the white face of the invalid, who was reclining lazily on the couch. That reserve which she had hung more and more to the winds in her successive interviews with the sympathetic matron had come back naturally to her now. After the first awkward moment of meeting was over she played well the role of one who had only a sincere compassion for a lonely and friendless man, confined to a sick-room.

She knew now that this was only a pose. Knowledge had come to her that she loved this man. "You've been awfully kind, Miss Elton," said Mordant gratefully. "I hardly know what it means to be ill—I have found it an awful bore, but you have made it brighter."

His thanks were music to her ears. Her heart was beating wildly at the sound of his voice, but her outward composure was perfectly maintained. "You've been awfully kind, Miss Elton," she said softly. "I know what illness means, and how wearisome it becomes."

She looked down at her mourning as she spoke, but she could not evoke the memory of her dead father with the confident assurance of a week before. She knew what he would think and say now. "I'm glad to have done what I could," she said softly. "I know what illness means, and how wearisome it becomes."

Mordant was even yet too ill to worry himself about the reason for things. Exquisite flowers, delightful fruit, a charming young lady inquiring after him every day—all these things were charm-

ing to him. The pleasantest thing of all came now when she actually visited him.

"It was only yesterday," he said, "that I learned how I came here. I can never be grateful enough to you for that."

She smiled and looked at him, her big Oriental eyes wide open.

"I don't remember anything about it," he continued. "Everything is a blank to me after I left my house. They tell me I had a stroke in the street—that you saw it and brought me here. I think it was splendid of you."

How could he tell Mr. Mordant this at all, but he was quite justified in thinking that they had. The matron instructed the nurse that she might tell him that a young lady who knew him had seen him struck by illness, had promptly left her carriage to come to his aid, and had herself accompanied him to the hospital.

Miss Aldridge had told only the truth to the nurse, but she smiled as she thought of the certain inference that the patient would make. She expatiated to the nurse on the courage of this deed. She drew a picture of a gathering crowd. She laid emphasis on the conspicuous place in which it had occurred. She expressed high admiration for the pluck of the deed. All this, as she had foreseen, was duly conveyed to the eagerly-listening patient, and he was further informed that the lady came to inquire after him. The nurse, who did not know the facts, drew the same conclusion that he did, and long before he saw Miss Elton face to face she chafed him mildly each day as she arranged fresh flowers about this Good Samaritan who did not drive her carriage by on the other side when she saw that somebody she knew had fallen among thieves.

Thus it was that the clever matron, never going beyond the truth, but often dangerously close to the edge of falsehood, had so prepared the mind of Hugh Mordant for this meeting that when it came he was emotionally prepossessed with humility and gratitude before Miss Elton.

The crafty lady had done more than this. She had scaled the lips of Miriam Elton concerning Gertrude Gascoyne. "She did him a kindness," she said, "that accidentally fell in her way to do. He does not know it; she insists that he shall not know it. Her desires must be respected; you must promise me that you will not tell him."

Connie Aldridge was not mistaken as to the result. Miss Elton fell into the trap. Confused for an instant by his mistake, by the necessity of fulfilling Miss Gascoyne's wishes, she made no disclaimer. She was not small enough deliberately to have arranged to receive gratitude to which she was not entitled; but the thing was done now, and her thanks were sweet to her.

In an instant the conversation became intimately confidential. Lonely hours of reflection on the sick-bed had brought realisation of himself to Hugh Mordant. He was utterly, entirely ashamed of himself, and disgusted with the life which he had been leading. He knew well what was the matter with him that morning when he had fallen in the street.

"Of course you understood—" he said. "There is no excuse for me."

She divined his meaning instantly.

"I understand," she said in a low voice, "that you had a sudden attack of vertigo."

She was amused by herself that she could not think of anything better than a rejection of Gertrude Gascoyne's words—words uttered with such dignity, such perfect self-command, while facing a sneering crowd; and she, Miriam Elton, had looked on from ten feet away—had lacked the courage that ought to have placed her by the side of the other.

"You are so much better," she hurried on, "you are improving fast. Such an attack will not come again. I am sure of that. Do not think of it any more."

He would have liked to drink his cup of bitterness to the dregs in the humility of an awakened conscience, in the weakness of convalescence. It would have relieved him to have made a mother-confessor of this brave girl, but she would not allow him to abuse himself. She would not even let him express his determination that the future should be different, in words that implied a condemnation of his past. He thought afterwards that this was most exquisite tact on her part.

She drew him from thoughts of himself by speaking of her own future. He thought that this, too, was a deliberate attempt to shield him from his confessional mood; but here again she was thinking of herself.

She was the generally anxious, in fact, about the effect of her occupation on Hugh Mordant's mind. She was struggling with herself all the time. She wished him to understand clearly that there had sprung up in her heart an overwhelming repugnance to the occupation in which she was engaged.

Brightened and cheered, at the sudden and complete overturning of all his ideas and ideals and hopes, by this wild, passionate love which had overwhelmed her soul, she drifted this way and that, at rest only in the instant in which she was listening to his voice, was looking at his face.

She poured out her burning indignation to him in words that startled him. He again thought that he was fondly deceived. She was going through a terrible struggle. Duty to her father's memory, to the cause which she had adopted so ardently; these were on one side. On the other was her awakened conscience.

Hugh Mordant did not attempt to advise her that day; he only tried to console her; and he was not aware that he had been the cause of her being awakened to such raging protest Miss Elton's sensitive inward monitor.

(To be continued.)



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TAKE CARE OF YOUR EYES

It is impossible to take too much care of one's eyes, and those who value their eyesight will do well to send to GREENHURST GREEN, 211, Lambeth Road, London, for a little book "How to Preserve the Eyesight," which tells the story of a cure for all troubles of the eyes, eyelashes, and eyelids. SINGLETON'S EYE TREATMENT has proved its virtues during 80 years, and it may be obtained at all chemists and stores, in ancient pestal pots for 3/- each.

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THE PROBLEM OF THE POOR.

What Lord Shaftesbury and Quintin Hogg Did for Their Fellows.

EXAMPLES TO BE FOLLOWED.

By JOHN KIRK (Secretary to the Ragged School Union).

One thing is clear to me: there are no short cuts to a solution of this problem. Brer Rabbit thought to outrun Brer Terrapin, but whenever he reached the milestone there was Terrapin awaiting him. It's something like this with the problem of the poor. We spin theories and formulate plans, but pretty much the same issue confronts us at the journey's end.

You cannot uplift a nation in a day; but to me there is hope in taking a wide, periodic survey.

We have lately been diving into the beginnings of the Ragged School movement sixty years ago. The contrast between then and now is amazing. Bad as things are now—and I know, alas, too much to desire to minimise them—they were infinitely worse in the olden times. Slow as the advance may have seemed, "it does move," as Galileo said, with a wide meaning.

Lord Shaftesbury and his fellow-workers said at the outset: "Whilst the nation is theorising and discussing we will begin to do something." We now see they builded better than they knew.

I doubt if it is any one Napoleonic kind of man that is wanted, but rather the combined effort of all earnest-minded men and women in every section of society who wish well to their fellows. Legislation must keep pace with education and other self-helpful ameliorative forces. Volunteers must join hands with municipal and official bodies, as is done to such good purpose in the German cities. Easy acquisition of land let us have by all legitimate means; but let us not lessen the drink traffic and cut off gambling and other national and other vices.

Forty years ago a young aristocrat left Eton for his father's affluent home in the West End. His young heart was touched with sympathy for the homeless lads of the Adelphi arches. "I shall go mad," he said (so his daughter tells us in the interesting life just published), "if I don't do something for them."

To-day he has gone, but he lives in the hearts and lives of thousands of men who are better citizens for the self-sacrificing life of Quintin Hogg.

I say, give us more of such consecrated lives—for these shall save the city. JOHN KIRK.

FRUIT OF MANY MINDS.

Further Pick from Our Heavy Letter-Bag on the Subject of the Hour.

THE COUNTRY POOR.

I should like to remind people that there are plenty of poor people in the country as well as in London, and great distress here, too, with no work to be had. This is partly due to the fact that the farms are bought up and laid waste for rabbits and foxes to run over. This is no fairy tale, but facts. A CONSTANT COUNTRY READER.

A NAVAL PROTEST.

I should like to inform your correspondent, Mr. A. Pearce, that the Navy is not a dumping-ground for "Hooligans."

If these people are willing to work, and physically fit, there is no need to pass a law compelling them to join either Service. Let them join of their own free will. A UNIT OF H.M. NAVY.

H.M.S. Vernon, Portsmouth.

"SELL ALL THOU HAST."

Referring to Mr. John Balfour's "Sell All Thou Hast," I beg to enclose a list showing how some of the followers of Jesus of Nazareth act, according to the teachings of their Blessed Lord and Saviour.

Hampstead. H. J. C.

[This list shows, by quoting some recent wills of clergymen, that 125 ecclesiastics left fortunes amounting to fifteen and a half millions sterling.]

EXTRAVAGANT POVERTY.

I see something of the poorest classes, and I notice that they buy their bread instead of taking the trouble to bake it themselves, and if they have any money will buy their own dinner instead of cooking it at home. If women of the working classes would take more notice of the fact that a great many more little children looking well and healthy. A MOTHER OF FIVE.

St. George's-road, S.W.

RADICAL MEASURES NEEDED.

When we consider the vast amount of money spent in each year in charity and compare it with the rising statistics of poverty, it is proved conclusively that charity is no remedy—it only alleviates individual cases. Is it not time the matter was more deeply probed? Your correspondent "Practical" shows his pitiable ignorance by writing as he does about socialism. Let him read Blatchford's book and the "Clarion." J. E. JAMES.

Mapleley, Nottingham.

THIS WEEK'S BOOKS.

WHAT TO BUY, AND WHAT TO ORDER AT THE LIBRARY.

DEAR FATHERLAND.

By Ex-Lieutenant Bilke. John Lane. 6s.

Another unpleasant revelation of the inner workings of the German Army. One must conclude that the title is "writ sarcastic" for the decent characters spend much of their time in saying why one should not be a soldier of the Kaiser and the other character in showing the same thing by their actions. According to Mr. Bilke, the chief object in German military training is the destruction of the soldier's self-esteem. In this instance he makes it drive the hero, or, rather, one of the two heroes, to suicide. If "Dear Fatherland" were the first production of its kind, it would create a sensation, but it is not.

THE LAND OF BONDAGE.

By John Blountland Burton. F. V. White. 6s.

Mr. Burton always manages to get hold of a good story. He has managed to get hold of this in his latest book. They are the stories of (1) a young Irish peer who is done out of his succession by villainous uncles, and (2) the press-gang in the days of George II.; (3) of the villainous uncle's son, wrongfully transported as a slave to Virginia—though it serves him right; and (4) of an Indian tribe of "noble red men," who might have come direct from Fenimore Cooper. Surely enough for one novel. Except that the author has to stretch the long arm of coincidence very long indeed to make it all fit together, the book is all one could hope for in a novel of adventure.

BOOKS FOR TRAVELLERS.

A Useful Pocket Atlas and a Gossiping Guide Through Spain.

Nobody knows any geography—at least, such is the regular contention—and it is only when some particular country is brought into prominence by a war that its topography is studied. As no one knows any geography, there is all the more reason for having an atlas for reference purposes. The latest atlas to be published—the revised edition of the Handy Volume Atlas, Philip and Son, 8s. 6d.—has evidently been produced to fit this purpose. The extraordinary thing about it is that though it is only quite a small volume it somehow manages to have everything in it that a large one does. As a reference book it is ideal.

IN PURSUIT OF DULCINEA.

By Henry Bernard. George Allen. 6s.

Merely the story of a leisurely and erratic tour in Spain through La Mancha, the land of Don Quixote and Sancho Panza. It is not a guide book, neither is it in any sense a story, but just a matter—if anything Spanish can be called modern—sentimental journey. Anecdotes crop up here and there, and the author wanders as erratically in his writing as he does in his journey. It is truly Spanish, and breathes the atmosphere of the country even in the leisurely, happy-go-lucky, snow way in which it is told. No wonder Spain is of no account, except as a picture, in this twentieth century. Still it must be confessed that it is a very delightful picture.

CURIOUS AND CREEPY.

Two Odd Stories About Very Strange, Unusual People.

The hero of "Merely a Negress," by Stuart Young (John Long. 6s.), is a writer who goes out to Lagos and marries a native woman—the mere negress. While in Africa he meets another, more popular and wealthy, named Sutcliffe Pyne, who has written certain Colonel Kelly stories. The two discuss at great length the ethics of writing popular fiction for popular magazines, and of writing high-souled literature for its own sake. Samples of the high-souled literature from the pen of the author-hero do not strike one as likely to achieve popularity. Nor does the poetry.

THE REDEMPTION OF DAMIEN GIER.

By Winifred Trafford-Taunton. Digby, Long. 6s.

Damien Gier enters this world upon un auspicious circumstances. Just before he is born his mother is attacked by a tiger in India, and Damien appears with many marks of the feline race about him. He is born with closed eyes, which open later to reveal eyes like those of a tiger; his hair is tawny, and he has the teeth of the cat tribe. Naturally he grows up into a person of wonderful grace and beauty, but in need of the redemption of the title. The love of a woman performs the miracle.

THE MANDARIN'S FAN.

By Vergus Hume. Digby, Long. 6s.

A story of Chinese mystery and an English murder, one or two fights for life, and other excitement. How Mr. Hume manages ever to unravel the knots and complications he makes in his stories of crime is wonderful, and how any jury could convict on circumstantial evidence after reading one of his books is beyond comprehension. In the present instance the reader suspects every character in turn of having committed the murder in order to procure a certain valuable Chinese fan, and in almost every chapter exclaims, "That settles it," only to be switched off on to another possible murderer. Nobody could begin "The Mandarin's Fan" and not finish it. In spite of its Chinese atmosphere it all takes place in England.

TAMING THE SHREW.

Did Petruchio Master Katharina by Muscle or by Mind?

There has been a good deal of discussion since the very successful revival of "The Taming of the Shrew" at the Adelphi Theatre as to the means employed to turn the cross-grained wife into a pleasant, sensible companion.

Some critics hold that it was by "force of character" that she was subdued by Petruchio, others that he merely used brute strength. Here are the opinions of some of the best authorities on Shakespeare collected by the *Daily Mirror*:—Mr. Sidney Lee, author of the "Life of Shakespeare,"—"I should say that Katharina is conquered by Petruchio's exuberant energy and masculine determination."

Professor Edmund Dowden, author of "A Shakespeare Primer," etc.:—"She is caught away by the tempest of Petruchio's masculine force; she is obliged to recognise his superior strength."

Dr. Furnivall, founder of the New Shakespeare Society:—"It is by the strength of his character, plus his bodily strength, that Petruchio masters Kate. Mentally and bodily he is the stronger."

Dr. Richard Garnett, C.B., joint author of the history of English literature:—"Petruchio subjugates Katharina, as it appears to me, mainly by his breezy audacity, and his imperturbability. These are attributes of strength, and therefore strength may be referred to as the essential mark of the character."

Mr. F. R. Benson, the well-known actor and trainer of so many famous Shakespearean players:—"My own opinion is that Petruchio masters Kate by force of character, force of will, and force of muscularity. As to which force is the predominant factor in the victory, depends, I think, largely on the methods adopted by the actor playing Petruchio. I fancy the line 'Thy body shall make me love thee well,' having once been clearly spoken, allows Petruchio a pretty free hand in any direction that suits him."

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A Pretty Cynic.

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At first sight you may think the puzzle is much simpler than it really is. As a matter of fact, you will find it necessary to think hard and experiment a good deal before you get it correct. But it is very interesting, and is surely well worth trying.

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